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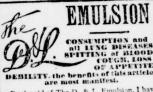
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GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES

CHAPTER XV.

THE WEDDING.

The wintry colors faded from the sky as we drove homewards, and it was rapidly growing dark when we reached the chapel. Conn and the book-keeper led the way in, and went and knelt at the alter-rale to preserve for some led the way in, and went and knelt at the altar-rails to prepare for confession, which in these parts immediately precedes the Sacrament of Matrimony. To the crowd at their heels this was a matter of course, and the whole body of young men and women who had come to witness the ceremony composed themselves to await the priest's arrival, standing motionless in silence. Some faint whispering at the edge of the crowd there was, and some flitting to and fro of ragged children running in and out of the chapel; but their little bare feet did not make much noise pattering on the brick floor, and their suppressed bursts of laughter were hardly pattering on the brick floor, and their suppressed bursts of laughter were hardly noticed. There was a great stir when Father John drove up haif an hour later, and throwing the reins to the nearest bystander, strode into the church and through the crowd which parted to let him pass, through the railings and sanctuary into the sacristy; whence he presently emerged in surplice and stole, with taper in hand to light two candles on the atar. This done, he returned to the sacristy, beckoning the book-keeper, who rose and followed him. Then the crowd resumed its patient mood; the children played half in, half out of the chapel; the evening light seen through the open door evening light seen through the open door changed from fading white to blue. A long way off on the straight road a laborer draws near; he calls to a neighbor in a field, his voice sounding like the echo of field, his voice sounding like the echo of a chime in the open air; he waves his hand with a laugh in the direction of the chapel whither he is bending his heavy steps. By-and-bye he enters lumber-ingly, and with a short quick bend of both knees to the altar after the fashion of a

word, into the passive waiting attitude of Thus did the long minutes pass slowly over our heads. There was again a gen-eral stir as the book-keeper came out and Conn took her p'ace in the sacristy and then every one settled down again to wait till Conn's confession should be finished. More and more impressive did the minutes become as that strange hour wore away; and stronger grew the sense of the momentous nature of the event about to occur in the lives of the two chief about to occur in the lives of the two chief actors there. The flickering candles on the altar field the gloom with daccing shadows; a light wind sighted ever and again amming the pine-tree tops or along the charel roof; the ivy flapped against the window-panes. The silent-breathing crowd, half filling the church, was scarcely less mute than the dead in the graves around outside the chorel walls. It was less mute than the dead in the graves around outside the chopel walls. It was a rare and solemn interval of time during which life and the world seemed to stand still, the warning past to fuse with the present, the dead to mingle with the living. Memories floated around of others passed away who once stood together at those altar-rails, happy like children. The air was full of phantoms, frightful shapes: starved Poverty with his dreadful cares; Discace chilling with its touch the marrow of young children; Death with his scythe early snapping the marwith his scythe early snapping the mar-riage bond; Hatred that had once been riage bond; Hatred that had once been Love severing with fiercer cruelty. Or, well it is that the hard lesson of the past and the unthinking joy of the present should be tempered by the divinely-guided voice in the confessional, which speaks to each of the lovers in turn; ex-tols the high call of marriage, and the great duties that spring from it; warns of the troubles that in some shape will arise Is not a patent medi to test constancy, to exercise patience, to

end, if to Heaven and each other they are

knees to the attar after the lashion of a country-woman's curtsey, sprinkles him-self with holy water, crosses himself with thumb on forehead, mouth, and chest; drops on his knees a moment; then stand-

ing up and leaning his shoulder against

faitt ful! At length Conn appeared, and shortly after Father Moriarty came out, carrying his book in one hand, and in the other a brush and vessel of holy water. The brush and vessel of holy water. The lookers-on hai now finally roused them selves and closed up nearer to the abarrails. Many who till now had stood without, came in; so that the chapel became quite full. Neighbors who had nor seen each other this evening before, exchanged nods and smiles, or laughing commen regarding the occasion, and tried to get a sight of the pair. To see Conn was easy enough, he was a head over any there, a head and shoulders over most; but the bead and shoulders over most, but he bride it was not so easy to see. And now, as the short ceremony began, the move-ment, and the coughings, and the whisper-ings ceased, and a hush reigned over the project of the coughings of the coughing of the coughings. ings ceased, and a hush reigned over the whitewashed chapel. You would have thought, from the intent look upon every face as the bride and bridegroom repeated after the prest the words plighting lifelong troth, as the money jingled on the place, and Conn placed the ring upon the bride's finger, that it was the first martine the state of the place the place the property within living the state of the place the people within living the state of the place the property of the p riage that had been beheld within living memory. These parts of the ceremony were spoken in English, and then, at a sign, everybody knelt down, while ove the rewiy-married pair the priest read the concluding prayers. Then Conn, and his wife, and several others, followed the priest into the sacristy to sign the register. As a happy pair emerged into the church again, every one crowded up to them to shake hands, and it was some time before they could make their way to the door. Once out, however, the church rapidly emptied after them, and Father John came out of the sacristy to put out the lights. The good man's face were a the lights. The good man's face wore a satisfied expression. Nothing pleased him more than that the young men and women of his parish should get married. "Go along with ye!" he said to the children, who were now almost the only ones left in the chapel, and who were still scampering backwards and forwards, some of them following him with wide open eyes, "Go along with ye! I'll marry every one of ye yet." be lights. The good man's face wore a

every one of ye yet."
Once outside, the voices were raised, and the good wishes more loudly expressed. A cheer was presently taken up and the good whether was presently taken up as as the cars set off at a spanking rate, which soon out-distanced even the strongest-limbed of those who tried to keep up with them. Numbers of people streamed to the inn at irregular intervals, the boys and girls running most of the

way, and their elders following more lessurely. I noticed, too, a few middle-aged farmers, well-to-do fellows, to whom aged farmers, well-to-do fellows, to whom a wedding was no new excitement—bey had been married themselves, for that matter — who remained behind to exchange remarks on what had passed, and then sauntered back to their homes.

Meanwhile, Conn and the book-keeper heart seep horre out of one fire of con-

Meanwhile, Conn and the book-keeper had been borne out of one fire of congratulations into another. Old Matt Dwyer was there, near the doorway of the inn, and Conn's father, and Mrs. Ennis on the doorstep, rustling in a black silk dress, and a blue silk cap, trimmed with white lace. Bahind her were all the servants. Mrs. Ennis kissed the young people as they descended, and old Mr. Hoolahan embraced his son and newmade daughter.

"Long life to ye both!" said old Matt Dayer, "and happiness." And there fol-lowed a chorus of "Good luck to you, Conn," and "Long life to you, ma'am,"

rom the servants. from the servants.

"Come in here and rest yourselves,"
cried Mrs. Eanis, bustling to her own
parlor, "you must be tired, and in want

of a minuce's quiet,"

The book-keeper sank into a chair.
"I never stood so long at a stretch before," she said, laughing, "and the walk too, that we had beforehand, over that rough ground!"

"I'd do it all over again with the greatest of pleasure." said Corp.

"I'd do it all over again with the greatest of pleasure," said Conn.
"Spare yourself, my fine fellow," cried Mrs. Ennis, "there is more before you yet You'll have to do your share of dancing and you must look after the comfort of t

and you must look after the comfort of your guests—for they are your guests, you know."

"Indeed, 'tis a proud wedding you're giving us, Mrs. Eanis. "Twill be remembered this many a day."

He was saying this when Father John and I enteren. "Well, Conn Hoolahan," said Father John, shaking him and Mrs. Hoolahan in turn by both hands, "I'm glad that the little embassy you despatched me and my friend here upon has turned out so well. Do you remember the day," turning to me, "we went in to break the news to Mrs. Ennis? Ha, ha! the day," turning to me, "we went in to break the news to Mrs. Ennis? Ha, ha! there they were! not one of them at cross purposes, yet all afraid one of the other. Conn, I'm ashamed of you! You were too bashful, entirely. What's that noise

outside?"
"Tis only the people going into the coffee-room," said Mrs. Ennis. "Dan, do you show them the way, and put them into their seats, and keep the good said with the content of the souls quiet. Mind ye keep the top table clear for ourselves. What is it, Mary Ma-

oney?"
"If ye plaze, ma'am, Mrs. Costello"
(that was the cook) "says she'll die.
She never knew a fire like it for heat,
and to cook dinner for one, in addition to
tea for two hundred, is too much for any pair of arms."
"Cook dinner?" asked the book-

keeper.
"To be sure, miss-ma'am, I mane

"To be sure, miss—ma'am, I mane—dinner for No. 7.
"No. 7?" repeated the book-keeper, still puzzled.
"Ah, never mind her," cried Mrs. Ennis. "Mary Maloney, go back and help Mrs. Costello. Your coming here isn't likely to put her in better temper. The girl's beside herself with excitement," she alded, as Mary Maloney disappeared.

efore the word was spoken!"
"What is it? What have I said?"

going first, and being received with a general uprising and a voiley of saluta-tions which lasted until we had reached

passed up and down the tables receiving a running fire of "chaff," and with the best temper in the world, giving back as good as they got. Tea and coffee, cakes, and bread and butter, were the staple of and bread and butter, were the staple of our feast; but a great entertainment in St. George's Hall in Laverpool itself would not nave caused more hilarity. Uproari-ousness and screaming mirth amongst parties of young people; cosy confidences ousness and screaming mirth amongst parties of young people; cosy confidences between cld women in their ancestral cloaks, emphasizing their talk by the nodding together of hooded heads, and nodding together of nooded neads, and the occasional uplifung of shrivelled hands; grotssque over-earnestness of groups of old men, sitting side by side or opposite each other, cracking their feeble voices in their excitement, and attracting by their shrill arguments the amused attention of their younger neighbors—these were a few of the combinations which were repeated many times about the were repeated many times about the room. To watch them was for some time the chief occupation of more than one of us at the top table, in the centre of which sat Mrs. Ennis, with the bride and bridegroom on each side of her. Father

John was next to Conn; then Conn's sister, then his father, and so on in that direction. On our side I was the immediate neighbor of the bride; on my left was Mary Maloney, and next to her was Patsy Hoolahan's seat, and so the layers continued.

"Patsy" cried Mary Maloney, after a rapid glance round, "Miss Johnson's rous's empty: go and get a holt of a teasor of enthusiasm.

continued.

"Patsy," cried Mary Maloney, after a rapid glance round, "Miss Johnson's cup's empty; go and get a holt of a tea-" Miss Johnson !"savs Patsy, under his

breath as he puts his legs over the bench, "sure she's not Miss Johnson

"Ob, well, never mind; go you and get her some tea. It sounds so odd, miss," continued Mary Maloney, by way of apology when he was gone, "I don't know how I'll ever do it" "Do what, Mary?" gaid the book-

keeper.
"Call you by your new name, Miss-Mrs. Hoolahan—it sounds so odd."
"What a child you are, Mary! You'll

"What a child you are, Mary! You'll be Mrs. Hoolahan yourself some day, won't she, Patsy?" Patsy had come back and was pouring out more tea.

"I don't know that," strikes in Mary Maloney, "he'll have to be after behaving himself better than he's doing, before that hannens." fore that happens."
"Don't mind her, miss, I mane ma'am

she doesn't mane it won bit. 'Tis a very different mouth she does be making when we're by ourselves."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary Maloney,
"listen to that now for a lie! Pat Hoola"

han, you'll take your seat no more by me this night after what you said; mind that "Here, Patsy!" calls out Mrs. Ennis "fill Father John's cup. 'Tis a sin and a shame for you, Mr. Moriarity, to be talking of leaving so early. Sure the light of the percy'll be gone out when you then you heal."

light of the percy'll be gone out when you turn your back."

"Not it!" says Father John, "their spirits'll go up like wild fire when they see I'm gone. But I know why you want me to stay. "Its only because you won't be able to manage them without me. I'd remain on awhile if it wasn't for the long mountain road I have before me."

"Sure you could have a bed here, sir," said Mrs. Ennis, if you weren't a heretic you'd remember my Mass in the morning, and the people coming and having to go away again disappointed."

"At least you'll say a word or two in honor of the occasion. In a few minutes the clatter will be over. Sure it won't make the difference of a quarter of an hour to you."

hour to you."
So Father John was persuaded to stay

awhile longer; but his opportunity was slow in coming. The buzz of conversa-tion, broken here and there by some local

tion, broken here and there by some local chorus of laughter which came most often from that end of our table where Patsy, banished from Mary's side, was now sitting, showed no sigus of stopping.
"The a pity to interrupt them," said I.
"But the dance! urged Mrs. Ennis. They won't be satisfied with a short spell of dancing, and I want it to break up at 11," saying which, she rapped so loudly on the table as to suddenly cause a complete silence.

se a complete silence.

My friends," said Father John, rising "My friends," said rather south, hand,
"I'm sorry that duties which you know
of compel me to leave you soon, but I
can't go without saying what's on my
heart, and what I know is yours (cheers),
and that is our true and heartfelt wishes
and that hearings and prosperity of the "What does she mean by No. 7?"
"Only a visitor that came awhile ago.
I've put him into room No. 7. Is there a better?"
"It will do very well," said the book-keeper.
"When I saw him drive up, 'D'ar, dear! I said to myself, ''twas a pity you did not put off coming till to-morrow."
"You've no one but yourself to blame, ma'am," cried Father John. "The fame of your hostelry has epread abroad, ma'am, and you must pay the penally."
"It might be a harder one, 'sighed Mrs. Ennie, complacently.
"It might be a harder one, 'sighed Mrs. Ennie, complacently.
"It might be a harder one, 'sighed Mrs. Ennie, complacently.
"It might be a harder one, 'sighed Mrs. Ennie, complacently.
"It might be a harder one, 'sighed Mrs. Ennie, complacently.
"It might be a harder one, 'sighed Mrs. Ennie, complacently.
"It will be would make no objection to being in your place, Mrs. Ennis, nor to sharing your trouble, ma'am, if it comes to that."
"Halto" cried Father John, "what's there's more work in store for me, I see. Very well, Mr. Hoolahan, very well put."
"One wedding makes many—there's more work in store for me, I see. Very well, Mr. Hoolahan, very well put."
"One dear of the father John, and that is our true and heartlel wishes for the happinness and prosperity of the young wife I will say this and this only: I want heart, and what I know is your for the happinness and prosperity of the young wife I will say this and this only: I want for the happinness and prosperity of the young wife I will say this and this only: I want for the happinness and prosperity of the young wife I will say the say the penally young reople whose weddin' we are here this night to celebrate. (Applause) Of the young wife I will say this and that is our true and heartle wishes for the happinness and prosperity of the young wife I will say the sand this only: I want for the happinness and prosperity of the young wife I will say the sand this only: I want for the happinness and prosperity of the young wife I will say that there is not a man or a stranger now, or who "Hallo!" cried Father John, "what's this? One wedding makes many— there's more work in store for me, I see. Very well, Mr. Hoolahan, very well put."
"Oh dear, oh dear! Isn't it too bad, now?" cried Mrs. Ennis. "To think I should have had to wait so many years should have had to wait so many years the caused the enthusiasm to break should have had to wait so many years out afresh). A young man," continued the properties of the mannestation of ing, 'He's a fine boy, God bless him:'
which caused the enthusiasm to break
out afresh). A young man," continued
Father John, "who is worthy of the

"What is it? What have I said?" asks Conn's father, looking round bewildered at the roomful laughing at bim. "That's right, Mr. Hoolahan. Play with the fish before you hook it," cries Father John.

"I declare to my goodness," said the old man, solemnly, "I don't know won bit what you're all "—here Conn whistpered his father—"eh, what! did I say sks Cominidered at the room...

"That's right, Mr. Hoolanam with the fish before you hook it," cries Father John.

"I declare to my goodness," said the old man, solemnly, "I don't know won but what you're all "—here Conn whits pered his father—"eh, what! did I say that? Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha! Yes, Mrs. Eanis, and I meant it, too, ha, ha, ha!"

"I shouldn't have thought it of you, Mr. Hoolahan," said Mrs. Eanis, bridment arrived at the most important event of his life. It is your hope, I know, no less than mine, my friends, that he may continue to be worthy of those who have gone before him. He has a bright example in the person of his excellent example in the person of his excellent example in the person of his excellent that to witness in the following man whose growth in these qualities has kept pace with the growth of his in the country, the c The door burst open at this juncture, and Dan appeared, breathless, to say that everything was ready; so we trooped into the coffee-room, Conn and the bride going first, and being received with a general uprising and a voiley of salutations which lasted until we had reached our places at the top table; and then the talking and laughter which our entrance had interrupted recommenced in all parts of the room, and mingled with the clatter of crockery, as Michael, and Dan, and Patsy, and Jerome, and several more, scurried in with steaming tea-pots, and I father who sits near me (cheers), and I father who sits near me (cheers), and I hope it is in store for that to witness in regard to his other sons repeated occasions on which we may meet together for who witness and a cry of 'Long life to you. Mr. Hoolshan.') We trust and parts of the room, and mingled with the clatter of crockery, as Michael, and Dan, and Patsy, and Jerome, and several more, scurried in with steaming tea-pots, and I father who sits near me (cheers), and I father who times—the happiness which a father feels when the son he loves throws up a roof-tree of his own, and brings home, to his

hearth the love of some good girl."

Loud cheers, mixed with a good deal of laughter, greeted the final words of Father John's address. A voice whispered in my ear, "Father John seems in a great hurry for Conn to be a grandfather! Some there's all the christenings to come first!" there's all the christenings to come first! It was Patsy who spoke, and who turned t was Patsy who spoke, and who turned from me to my neighbor, saying, "Mary Maloney, you heard what Father John said about me; about me, d'ye mind; and do you still sit there unrepintant?"

do you still sit there unrepintant?"

But Mary, with a toss of her head, turned away to listen to what Conn would say when the cheering, which broke out afresh as he stood up, should have finished.

afresh as he stood up, should have finished.
"I wish I could talk like Father John," Conn Hoolahan said, when after a considerable pause he had found his voice, but I am taken quite aback and unexpected. Nevertheless I hope that no one here will think I don't feel their kindness because I haven't words enough to say how, much.

I mustn't forget to

of enthusiasm.
Old Mr. Hoolahan proposed the health

Old Mr. Hoolanan proposed the neath of Mrs. Ennis in a long, and I must add, a very tedions speech; and Father John having briefly replied on her behalf, we all rose, he to hurry away, and the rest of all rose, he to hurry away, and the rest of
us to prepare for the dancing. In a surprisingly short time the empty cups and
plates, dishes and what not, were hurried
away out of sight, and the bare tables
moved up against the walls, leaving a
clear space in the centre. The tables
were speedily turned into p'atforms by
those intending to be only spectators;
some standing thereon, others being
furnished with chairs, others lolling or
sitting on the edges. A row of benches
in front of the tables gave seats to those fornished with chairs, others lolling or sitting on the edges. A row of benches in front of the tables gave seats to those who wanted them or did not prefer to stand about in groups, and made an amphitheatre of faces, from the mouths of many of which began to issue long clay pires and volleys of white smoke. Through the kitchen door Dan and Paisy and one or two more were to be seen with earnest faces brewing punch and slicing lemons; but most eyes were turned in expectancy at the present moment towards the bride and bridegroom, the former of whom was apparently resisting the united entreaties of her husband, her father-in-law, and Mrs. Eanis.

"Is it on your own wedding-night to refuse!" exclaimed the latter with indignation.

"Tis but right," said Mr. Hoolahan,
"you should open the ball."
"But you know how I blundered the

"But you know how I blundered the other night!"

"Any step will do. Leave it to me," said Conn, softly drawing her arm within his and leading her into the middle of the room, "and I'll tell you what to do," so saying, he signalled to the fiddler, who, beating his foot upon the table, set up one of those tunes which bewilder the strange ear with their jerky rapidity and sudden transitions. I think most people shared my curiosity as to the result, and were surprised to see how cool the bride was, and the manner in which she acquitted herself; being so well acquainted with the chief movements of the dance that she did not require any direction to speak of from her husband.

"Egad," whispered Patsy to Mary Maloney, "she dances nearly as well as yourself, Mary."

Maloney, "she dances how yourself, Mary."

"And well she may after the number that well sher what to do."

"You told her!"
"Don't I tell you so? You saw he

yourself on Christmas night at your father's, and she could dance no more than the tongs. Many a time since she'd than the tongs. Many a time since she'd be talking of this night and that, of all things under the sun, she dreaded the dancing more than anything. 'Sure tis the easiest thing in the world when once you know,' says I, and I taught her the steps by degrees, and that's how she earnt.

"Think o' that now !"

"Think o' that now!"

"Ah! D'se take me for a fool?"

As for Conn, his performance was very active and sprightly. The knee trick evoked cries of "good," and nothing could have been clearer than the rattle of his shoes upon the boards. But when he took the audience by storm, suddenly changing critical admiration into enthusiasm, was at the end in giving his partchanging critical admiration into enthusiasm, was at the end in giving his partner the final twirl. This he did so rapidly that she became dizzy, and then as she clung to him for support he snatched from her lips a kies that sound-

wasn't she angry! Conn ran away pulling up his coat-collar about his ears, and peeping at her round the corners of it as she followed and he kept his distributed by the coates of the connection of the corners of the connection o

it as she followed and he kept his dis-tance. But it was not because they had differences to settle that the fiddler was to have breathing time. A dczen couples rushed into the space left vacant by the pair who were allowed to arrange their dispute unnoticed, and who were presently to he seen sitting amigably to their dispute unnoticed, and who were presently to be seen sitting amicably together, while the dance proceeded with a regularity of motion and a distinctness of tramp which I must say were very effective placetime allowed in a distinctness of tramp which is most and inspirite and ive, pleasing, and inspiriting. After this ive, plessing, and inspiriting. After time the doses of punch, though not overstrong nor too liberal as to quantity (how could they be with so many to be served!), were acceptable enough and circulated freely. Then there were served !), were acceptable enough and circulated freely. Then there were songs, and then more dancing, and so the songs, and then more dancing, and so the evening wore away. Dan's song we had, of course—the one he sings to the flourish of a shillelagh, with which he occasionally touches the heel of his boot, dancing a kind of breakdown between the verses; and Patrick gave, "The Hat my Father Wore," with grave pantomimic reference to his sire opposite, who was not at all too well pleased with the familiarity. From beginning to end Mrs. Ennis never ceased to beam; and of the influences inspiring to mirth that of the influences inspiring to mirth that night, the expression of her face was not

the least powerful,
"I only wish," she said to me, "that
there wann't that poor man moping
somewhere about the house all alone by himself,

himself,"
"What poor man?"
"No. 7. Why on earth would be come on such an inconvenient day
D'ye think would be care to come in and D'ye think would he care to come in and look on? I'm sure he's very welcome if he would. He seamed a plain sort of man and down in the mouth; I wouldn't care about asking him myself, but if you were to see him, and just mention in a casual way that there was fun going on, it might cheer him up to have a sight of it. Toank you," she added, in response to my acquiescence, "'tis very kind of you, Mr. Shipley; but any way, mind you come back soon, for 'tis getting late."

I found the stranger in the library, sitting in front of the fire, with his feet on the fender, his elbows on his knees, and

his face buried in his hands.

"Oh, so you've come at last, have you?" he said petulantly, half-lifting his head as I entered. "I've rung I don't know how many times. What's all the infernal din about? Are they going to keen it up much lower?"

heep it up much longer?"

A man in a temper like that was not likely, thought I, to be an acquisition to the party; and I would have retreated, closing the door without answering, only that as I stepped backwards be turned appared sharply as if impatient for an that as I stepped backwards he turned round sharply as if impatient for an answer, and looked me full in the face. That active, square-shouldered figure! the weather-beaten face and shaggy hair! the brown eyes with an angry light in them, and the fretful lines in the forelight in

head! Where had I seen them all be-

head! Where had I seem them all before?

He did not see me either for the first time, it would seem. The irritation on his face disappeared, and was succeeded almost instantly by a look of mingled recognition and surprise; and presently a smile passed over his countenance like sunlight chasing a shadow across a field, as he rose and came towards me, holding out his hand, which I took mechanically.

"I know your face so well," said I, "but I can't remember when or how—"

"Where I come from," said he, "we don't stand on ceremony, otherwise I ought not to be in such a hurry to claim a cquaintance. We have only met once before; but that is a good deal to a man I ke me who never sees any but strange

ke me who never sees any but strange

Only a chance acquaintance! No won-der I couldn't even then recall who he was, and yet I remembered his face very

well.
"What! have you forgotten the stormy night when you stopped my car on the road to Ardmore, and the queer quarters we got into, and our long talk in the cheerful kitchen?"

"To be sure, to be sure," I cried, and

some items of his singular story and strange search began to flash across my strange search began to hash across my memory. "Butyon gave me the slip the next morning. I felt disappointed the whole day after."
"Did you? When you have become

"Did you? When you have become as accustomed to disappointment as I am —but what is all this noise that has been driving me half-wild these two or three hours past?"

"It is a wedding."

"A wedding! Whose wedding?"

"The boots and the book-keeper of this inn."

"Ha, ha! People seem to do nothing but marry in these parts. To-day from the road I saw, a long way off down hill, a crowd wending its way along one of the slopes of the valley. I asked my driver the meaning of it, and he, like you, answered that it was a wedding."

"It was our party that you saw, and

answered that it was a wedding."
"It was our party that you saw; and now I think of it, your car, as it wound along the road high up among the hills, made some of us equally enrice." along the road high annual manual manual made some of us equally corious in regard to you. You would have saved three miles by getting down at that point and coming to where we were; and you would have joined a merry party into the bargain. Come and join us now—it will cheer you up." will cheer you up. He waved his hand and shook his head.

I never feel so sorry for a man in the dumps as when he is surrounded by gaiety and happiness; so I turned the conversation to a subject which I thought conversation to a subject water.

would interest him more.

"How does your affair thrive?" I

asked.
"Not to-night, not to-night. We will talk of it to-morrow if you like. Goyou back to your friends, and leave me alone. I'm in the humor to be alone. I'm tired out and sleepy, and would have gone to bed an hour ago if I could have got hold of any one to tell me the number of my

room, which I have forgotten."
"No. 7," said I, repeating the number I had heard several times in the course of "I believe that was it. I suppose I shall

find a candle somewhere."

I led the way to the table in the hall where they were kept. His hand trembled as he held the match to the

"Good-night," he said, turning round with his foot on the first stair, and holding

with his foot on the first stair, and nothing out his hand, "good-bye till to-morrow. Very glad to have met you again."

I watched him as he ascended till he disappeared in the turning of the stairs, and then went back to the coffee-room. But the life had gone out of the party. It was as when the sun has long descended But the life had gone out of the party. It was as when the sun has long descended behind the horizon, and its parting glow has all but faded. Neither Conn nor the bride were anywhere to be seen. The old women were drawing their hoods over their heads. The men had their hats and the particle in their heads. Dan and short sticks in their hands. Dan and his brothers were bearing trays among the guests, laden with final cups and tumblers of hot punch to keep out the cold

night air.
"What! going so soon?"
"What! going so soon?"
"So soon!" said Mrs. Ennis, "'tis past

of the rarely used door in the coffee-room, which Mrs. Ennis had caused to be

room, which Mrs. Ennis had caused to be opened to save their walking through the house to the main entrance.

"Good-night," repeated Mrs. Eanis many times, "and be careful to pick your way till you reach the road; there are hedges and stones and blocks of wood, and I don't know what else in the way so he careful." way, so be careful."
"Never fear, ma'am."

"Is that you, Michael? How was it you broke down in your song to-night?" "Ah, I was 100 shy entirely. But wait till the next time, ma am."

Next time! How long will it be, I wonder, before Glencoonoge sees such

another wedding! Outside it was frosty. The ground was Outside it was frosty. The ground was hard, the sky clear, the stars blinked and twinklel. There was no moon. The footsteps and voices diel away, retreating leisurely towards the village. Soon the inn was silent, too, and lights were out; and no sound broke the quiet of the night.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO OBTAIN CULTURE.

Much can be done by a clear aim and a resolute purpose. Let the youth choose some one subject to which his tastes incline, and devote all his eisure to it. One of the very finest of English critics, Walter Bagehot, was a banker, and his studies in literature were the fruit of his leisure. All business youths cannot be Bagehots; but there is no youth engaged in business who cannot make some branch of cuiture his own; and, after all, the essence of a real culture is not to know many things in a superficial way, but to know a few things, or even one thing, with thoroughness and accuracy.

Spiritual reading is the vestibule of prayer. When the temptation comes to the overwrought laborer in Our Lord's vineyard to seek recreation in the world or in worldly news, and to fall back upon creatures for support and for repose, how often do the lives of the saints step in and keep him quietly to God and holy thoughts !-

ABOUT MIRAC The Views of a Learned Father Coupe,

NOVEMBER 18, 18

Rev. Father Coupe, S. Stonyhurst, explained t

miracles in a recent proposed, he said, to pro of Christ irom miracles took the opportunity of whole question of mi night they would prove inity from miracles. W acle? A miracle was the of divine power surpass ity of all created causes icle must have a two fo It must first of al the forces of nature. I be apparent to the se palpable, manifest.

It must be above nature. For example, a comet, an eclipse, ho

dinary a phenomenon

not a miracle. Transul not a miracle. To be must, therefore, be a enon which not only power of all created for lutely inconceivable, the able hypothesis being work of God, of an in of superhuman unders A true miracle is t of a mind superior to he bailed a boat in the at once came to him it boat must have an i on board. The tele must have an intellig the other end. An night on the railroad is shown and the train that the train does no but by an intelligen manner, miracles spo gent Being who was understanding high understanding, of a man's will, gifted w man could not wield, tation of an agent at and superhuman ; a menon be a true mi must be God. It follo makes a statement a and in Ged's name, a miracle to suppor that man's word mu true. And why? man's statement ; be is God's seal on th

> Now, Christ statement, and statement not by a host of miracles. be God, and he demo by miracles. They the unbelieving J tion Christ's verac Then, if you will mony of Me." As theists they w

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PLEDGE OF THE

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times he tru that miracles versary flies are possible, fied. You pr dence of m Ah, yes, it cannot be ev